



hours of personal coaching and rehearsal I would never have succeeded in it. You may not know it, but Brady is one of the

Nevada Hefron plays the part of a slavey in "Lady Huntworth's Expedition," a comedy of the day. She is handsomely the belle of the village, the favorite of the vicar. Keziah is not the slavey of comic opera, nor yet the ordinary slavey to whom those who are fond of the comedy of the modern comic drama have become used. Keziah is in a class by herself, not only in so far as her dialect is concerned, but her garbmenty. Keziah has only twenty-six lines to speak, but she makes volumes, a whole comic library in fact.

The crisis arrives in her mortal career when she goes to a penny reading in the neighboring village. When she solicits help for "Lady Huntworth's Expedition" in the rig with which she proposes to honor the penny reading, she would make angels weep. Conspicuous among the features of her dress is a pair of white hair of black gloves which make her hands look like weird, misshapen fourth cousins of hands.

Nevada Hefron always buys her gloves in a certain New York shop and of a certain saleswoman. When she was actually in the shop the other day, wearing her reading costume, she went into the store and sat at a table, and bought a pair of other gloves. When she bought gloves "Ella," she said to her special sales-

"Give me a five in black," ordered Miss Hefron, carelessly.

Red pressed the No. 5, and began to try on it on her customer. She tugged and rubbed, and rubbed and pulled, until she was purple in the face. The glove came about half way up. Miss Hefron's hand, with a squeeze, together until it looked as deformed as a Chinese woman's foot. Meanwhile the women along the counter were watching the performance with interest.

"I don't like it," said Miss Hefron. "In looks, that it was the most colossal exhibition of vanity they had ever seen. Those who knew each other said so in whispers. Others who did not know her, looked on as far as they would go. Miss Hefron held her absurd-looking hands up in front

These will do nicely, Ella; send me half a dozen pairs, please!"

Mary Marble, the comeliest of Chase's stock company, is as soft of heart as she is small and pretty. Suffering humanity for afflicted brutes have only to let her know of their troubles to be immediately relieved.

The members of the stock company have great fun with Miss Marble, and whenever opportunity presents itself they do not fail to perpetrate a joke upon her. She has been the victim of many such white rats, and the like, have been sent to Miss Marble at different times for sympathy and relief. She never becomes angry.

Two or three years ago Miss Marble was playing in Denver, Col. One night

He heard a kitten whining pitifully. The night was dark and stormy, but Miss Maribic insisted that the kitten be found. She went out into the cold night, shivering from the cold, and was wet and hungry. The actress took it to the hotel, fed it hot milk, and insisted that it be put to bed. The next day she tried to induce the proprietor of the hotel to keep the kitten, but he would not have it. The manager of the theatre thereupon volunteered to give it a home at the theatre, and the kitten, christened "Miss Maribic," became a great favorite with the employees of the house. Miss

should come to her kitchen. Not long ago she received a telegram, and, on opening it, read: "Mary Marble has kittens." Thereupon Miss Marble felt it incumbent upon her to buy supper for the members of the company, which the chronicler of Miss Marble's doings avers she did.

Despite its unevenness, the general opinion of the critics was that Mr. Irving's play contained excellent material and afforded Mr. Sothern splendid opportunities. The author, who is now in New York, has fallen in with Mr. Sothern's views and has submitted a revised scenario that, while retaining the most effective scenes of the play, would, in the

The business done at the Garden Theatre with the original was by no means discouraging, and, save for the desire to reconstruct the piece, it could have been retained in the bill much longer.

There has been some talk of giving a special matinee of "Richard Lovelace" which will enable Mr. Lawrence Irving to see his play on the boards.

---

Ever since the stock system has been revived in its present form there has been

Results arising from the constant remodeling of new lines from week to week by members of these organizations. The sad case of Victory Hateman, whose mental breakdown in 1939 was attributed to the constant study made necessary by her connection with stock work, has been frequently cited by those who argue that the strain is too great.

A Times interviewer had an interesting chat with several members of the following groups on the subject last week. As a consequence of the amazing amount of

"It is not learning the lines that I find as the greatest strain," said William Lawrence. "It is the expenditure of emotion which sometimes exhausts as greatly as if I were all real."

"I have always memorized without any great difficulty and have never so much as felt a headache from it. As I say, it is the emotional part which tires. I do not

ing, has any definable limits. I think it will take in all that one puts into it to a large degree. I do not agree with those who say that it is like a box, and will hold just so much. It's a stretchy thing. I think, and its elasticity is very great. Personally, I am never bothered by consuming the lines of the different plays in my mind. I came nearest doing so in

set into pink lights and a form on a  
trapeze. I would be the proudest and hap-  
piest thing in the world. By the way, I  
received a great help to me when I played with  
a saxophone solo with Corbett. There was a  
man in the audience who was a little bit  
crazy, the star lifted me up to a pair of  
flying rings a dozen feet above the stage.  
I was screaming with joy. He had promised  
to kiss him. I used to hang  
out at arm's length for a full ten min-  
utes. I love this part of the little girl in  
"Love Me". Although I was in despair  
at the early age, I was a little girl who  
should fall miserably. Simply Johnnie  
Johnson. I was a little girl who was  
there is nothing bad about it. In fact, but  
there is something pathetic and appealing  
about it. I was a little girl who was  
Oh, no, I do not expect to go on as a  
big children. Of course, I shall never be  
big.

[illegible]

hours of personal coaching and rehearsal I would never have succeeded in it. You know, I don't know any other actor who is the most skillful stage managers in America. I think he outclasses all the rest of the Nevada.

Lady Huntworth's part of a slave in "Lucky Hefron's" "Experiment," Keziah the housemaid in the family of the vicar. Keziah is not the slave of comic opera, nor yet the ordinary slave to whom those who are fond of the modern drama have been made to become used. Keziah is in a class by herself, not only in so far as her dialect is concerned, but her garbment. Keziah has only twenty-six lines to speak, but she looks voluminous, a whole comic library in her.

The crisis arrives in her mortal career when she goes to a penny reading in the neighboring village. When she submits herself for Lady Huntworth's inspection to the rig with which she proposes to honor the evening's reading party, she makes angels weep. Conspicuous among the features of this startling costume is a pair of black gloves which make her hands look like weird, misshapen fourth cousins.

Miss Hefron always buys her gloves in a certain New York shop and of a certain kind. She has been so long accumulating the articles for her penny reading costume, she went into the store to buy a pair of gloves, and she found that other women who were buying gloves.

"Ella," she said to her special saleswoman, "I want a pair of gloves like those."

"Give me a five in black," ordered Miss Marple.

Ella produced the No. 5, and began to try one on her customer. She tugged at it, and she was surprised to find that she was purple in the face. The glove came about half way upon Miss Hebron's foot, and she squirmed as if it hurt. It looked as deformed as a Chinese woman's foot. Meanwhile the women along the counter were laughing heartily at her, with open scorn and disgust. They said, "Look at that! It was the most colossal mistake you could have made."

Those who knew each other said so in words. After the gloves had been pulled off, they held their heads up and laughed at her absurd-looking hands up in front of her, regarded them critically for an instant, and then turned away.

"These will do nicely, Ella; send me half a dozen pairs, please!"

Mary Marble, the comeliest of Chase's clerks, took down the number of pairs as she is small and pretty. Suffering humanity for afflicted brutes have yet to let her know of their troubles to be immediately relieved.

The members of the stock company have great fun with Miss Marble, and whenever opportunity presents itself they do not fail to perpetrate a joke upon her. Same dogs and kittens, guinea pigs, and such like things are mentioned to Miss Marble at different times for sympathy and relief. She never becomes angry.

For three years ago Miss Marble was playing in Denver, Col. One night

She heard a kitten whining pitifully. The night was dark and stormy, but Miss Marbury, who is a devoted animal lover, thought that when she discovered the animal was suffering from cold and was wet and hungry. The animal was so small and feeble that she took it to her room, dried it hot milk, and insisted that it be nursed. She then went to the hotel to induce the proprietor of the hotel to keep the kitten, but he would not have anything to do with it. She then volunteered to give it a home at the theatre. It was at once christened "Mary" and she took it home with her. She, with the employees of the house, Miss Marbury left Denver with the parting injunction that if the kitten should ever come to her kitten. Not long ago she received a telegram, and on opening it she found that "Mary" was dead. Therefore Miss Marbury felt it incumbent upon her to buy supper for the members of the troupe, and to give the kitten which Miss Marbury's doings averts she did.

Regarding the recent withdrawal of "Richard Lovelace" from the stage of the Garden Theatre, Mr. Sothern announces that the play is not permanently taken off his repertoire, but will be seen later in the season in New York.

Despite its unevenness, the general opinion of the critics was that Mr. Irving's play contained excellent material for the stage, and that it was well adapted to the actor's peculiar qualities. The author, who is now in New York, has fallen in with Mr. Sothern's views and has submitted a revised scenario, in which the whole play, including the entire scenes of the play, would in the

The business done at the Garden Theatre with the original was by no means profitable. The plan of building a new theatre to reconstruct the place, it could have been obtained in the much longer time had the plan of the "Garden" been giving a special matinee of "Richard Lovelace," which will enable Mr. Lawrence Irving to see his play off the boards.

Ever since the stock system has been introduced its present form there has been more or less discussion as to the dire results arising from the constant memorizing of new lines from week to week by members of these organizations. The sad case of a certain actress who died while rehearsing a new play, which she had just memorized in 1905 was attributed to the constant study made necessary by her connection with stock work, has been frequently cited by those who argue that the strain is too great.

A recent interviewer had an interesting chat with several members of the Belongs Company on the subject of their method of learning the parts. They were all in favor of the amazing amount of memorizing necessary in this branch of the theatrical profession. One of the players, the name of Harry Carson Clarke, who has memorized and played 256 parts in as many plays, said:

"It is not learning the lines that I find to be the greatest strain," said William Lawrence, another member of the company, "which sometimes exhausts us as greatly as if it were all real."

"The part which is memorized without any great difficulty and have never so much as felt a headache from it." And I say, it is not true.

ing, has any definable limits. I think it will take in all that one puts into it to a large degree. I do not agree with those who say that it is like a box, and will hold just so much. It's a stretchy thing. I think, and its elasticity is very great. Personally, I am never bothered by consuming the lines of the different plays in my mind. I came nearest doing so in